PITTSBURG, MONDAY, JUNE

THE DISPATCH will continue to publish all the details of the Johnstown Disaster, which is furnished by a large staff of competent correspondents located at the scene.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

Needed at Once at the Ruins of Johnstown, in Addition to

## TWO THOUSAND USED

As the Waters Recede From What Was the Iron City of the Mountains,

## THE EXTENT OF THE WOE

Becomes More Apparent, and the First Reports Dwindle Into Insignificance.

TEN THOUSAND MISSING.

Thieves and Ghouls Follow Flood and Flames, and Make Necessary

## A CALL FOR ARMED GUARDS.

Four of These Worse Than Devils Driver Into the River and Two Others Strung Up by an Angry Mob-The Armed Guard Doubled and a Beginning Made to Evolve Order Out of Chaos-President Moxham Takes the Reins of Government and Committees on All Necessary Points Are Appeinted-The Work of Clearing Away the Debris and Preventing the Spread of Fire-Some of the Sad Scenes Graphically Described.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.] JOHNSTOWN. June 2 .- Some wise provision in nature has so made it that man's feeling and sympathy and comprehension of certain events goes just so far, and beyond that line-lies madness.

For this reason the full extent of the Vohnstown holocaust will never be realized The this life. The calamity was so great, the | and hearts are broken at the very glance. event so frightful, and the result so un- Five, ten, fifteen thousand people drowned, paralieled, that a cold feeling of numbness results from a mere contemplation of such a scene, ere a thousandth part of its full magnitude is realized.

## Human Weakness at Such Times.

My hand is as weak as a baby's, and my pen as impotent as an infant's hand in staydescribing or trying to convey to the reader's mind one iota of the horror, one atom of the destruction, or one particle of he fear and woe and anguish suffered byt the thousands living and felt by the thou-

It is not the tale that is told, that is so eloquent then, but rather that which is lett unsaid. It is not the exposed that is the greatest and deepest, but the hidden that no man's eye can see, and no human tongue

of 35,000 happy, prosperous people has been swept away in an hour, and leaving, what? The wildest flight of the imagination, the boldest utterance, could not approach the truth, or even attempt to depict the scene that followed. Just imagine, nestling snugly between the hills and bugging two rivers in fancied peace and security in one moment and the very next overwhelmed in a roar of waters, with an advancing breast full 40 feet high that hurled huge blocks and houses about as if they were toys, and lumber and iron and stone and brick. Then the people; alas, the poor people.

## Anxiety to Hear Even the Worst.

Every train that hurried out of this city and toward the east carried hundreds of tearful relatives who were anxious to hear the worst, though as yet not one of them realized what was coming. At Nineveh a stop was made, and the anxious question, Why? ran around. The conductor hoursely perhaps some of you know them." Silently we gazed at the first frightful evidence of and it was pitiful how they lay, side by side tiny children first, then the youngers and then the elders, all with faces of such deadly eloquence, that a portent, a dim idea of what was to follow, hurried the blanched crowd to the train, and on toward the fountain head of ruined, dismantled Johnstown.

## The Scene at Sang Hellow.

At Sang Hollow, four miles from the city and a place already historical, the rails had been torn and twisted like threads in the awful avalanche. Then the rushing. swollen river to the left bore on its sullen bosom, and on either bank, some traces of the fearful night's work, some idea of what True, true, where was He when this awful was yet to come. Clothing, torn to shreds. awang from trees, broken bits of houses and of furniture swept unnoticed, or caught and swirled in trescherous eddies, but all unnoticed. On! Out

A thrill of horror can through all for a stone bridge. People stood with glu

moment, then the crowd parted and passed man lying stark upon the bank, mudded and bruised, just as he had been drawn

His Powerful Arms Half Raised over his head, as if to ward off, even in death, the blow that had reddened his forenead and taken from his strong limbs their cunning to do and to save. The hundreds passed another boy almost indifferently by. His was not the face nor his the form they looked for and feared to see. They wished first to greet the living, and then to weep

for the dead. A general hospital, it seemed, had been made of Morrellville, and it was there many survivors waited for their friends. Weeping women met strong men who told, with averted eyes, of some dear one lost or missing, or a thousand fearful glances cast toward the deadhouses or down the long line of road in anticipation of another, and still another train car of dead. Side by side they lay, in silent, dreadful horror, and all covered about the face and head, for always

The Cruel Red Scar while the unbound silken tresses of the women, drenched with water and whitened with sand, swept or were pitifully thrown across their poor beaten faces to hide the scars even more securely from the idle or the curious. Then the meeting of survivors and friends. Each had a tale to tell, so sad, so eloquent, that a stranger could but turn away and stop his ears to the broken exclamations, "John, poor John, don't ask," 'Yes, father and mother both gone," "Bob is saved, but-," "Drowned before my eves." "My God, don't," and so from bad to worse and worse and worse, and it seemed as if more were lost than found, and even death could not give that woman her look ss she moaned, "I don't know yet, I don't know yet." In the Terrible Valley of Death.

The nearer we approached that horrible valley of death the higher and higher rose the figures of destruction, until it seemed as if not the dead but the living should be counted. A hundred here. Three hundred there. Two thousand swept from that one street alone. When one speaks of the dead in bundles like that, when one ignores a score and speaks of bulk, mere bulk, in human life, is it not a blessing that stupefaction should ensue? Miles away from the scene it seemed as if 500 deaths were surely enough, but as body after body is drawn from the foul river bed, it is not enough and figures go up and up. A quavering workman points to a submerged field and says it is literally strewn with dead.

We turn the bend and Cambria City is not there. We go on farther and a whitefaced woman points to a blaze that springs in sight and says hundreds are burning

## The Doomed City in Sight.

city is in sight. Overtaxed nerves weaken if one; for the wonder is not that so many were drowned, but that so many were

Thousands of poor men, women and children swept away in a moment, to die, if luckily they could, by injury; or worse, to fight and fight the fierce current, to struggle and pray and weep, to have their tender ing an focean's madness, at the thought of hands torn and limbs bruised by hurling timbers, to sink and rise, and sink again in

A Mad Whirl of Augry Waters, battle bravely, despairingly, for a life precious to the last, and then the bitter end. where exhausted nature can do no more, The full pathos and horror of the scene canand the poor, tired arms are thrown up plaintively to a high heaven that answers not, to a God that gives no sign, and then

Just one name now that brings with it a peculiar sadness, though perhaps because it was so well known, and so dear to many-Nannie Elder. Young and strangely beautiful, and the most womanly woman of them all. She was well known here and in Phila-Johnstown is no more. That peaceful city | delphia, but with a thousand friends at that awful moment there was not one to save. Her sister Jennie says she disappeared, with her mother, from their sight, as quietly as if in a dream. She made no sign, and gave no cry, and reluctant indeed must have been the torrent that dragged out her sweet | to have existed there. Then how that flood young life, sorrowing indeed the angel that bore her pure soul to heaven. She was too beautiful to perish thus.

### Only One Case of Thousands. Still, this is but one out of ten thousand.

alas, perhaps more, and of what use is it to speak of one when so many, many have ground an entire city into a mere mass of gone. Let us speak of Johnstown, and a There is only one book, only one page, that scene that cannot be forgotten. Just as we can truthfully tell the story of the destrucreach the place the distressing groups to the right or left, huddled together in misery unutterable, are found to be the poorer families who have lost all, and are camped under a cold sky. And worse still, they are not all there. Some one is missing, and perhaps two or three, and more. There are no tears here, and no repining. They are far beyond that. They sat silent and stolid, not thinking, for their faculties were beannounced that a hundred dead bodies numbed; not speaking, for they had no awaited identification, and that "perhaps thoughts to utter. Most certainly hundreds of survivors will die of the shock and exposure, and I need only to speak of one this epoch of accidents, this apex of horrors; be the most deeply stricken, and to speak of one describes all

Naught Left to Live For Each of us had carried a loaf of dr bread (all we had) from the train and the men had eagerly taken them and divided them among their famishing companions. A loaf was offered this poor woman, sitting silent and apart, but she never saw the friendly hand, never noticed the round wheaten loaf.

"Come, come, rouse up." "Why," said she calmly. "Why, I have no one. I have nothing left. I lost seven.

with my husband." "But, my God woman, you must-"God," said she stonily. "Where is God?" and we turned away heartbroken.

thing happened. over which hangs like a pall, the black smoke from the funeral pyre of the bligging tomb of many dead, crushed and jam med together in acres of debris up against the

eye was enough; too much; for it showed

One Tall Blackened Form sitting bolt upright just near the bridge, and no one knows how many more were tangled in the enormous mass, and no one ever will, for the fire could not be extinguished, nor the bodies saved, though frequent cries led to the release of a whole family, before they were reached by the ugly flames. At the southwestern edge of what was Johnstown, I climbed a high hill, rising ab-

ruptly from the river, and there also were listressed searchers, looking and looking for those who will never be found, and for whom even hope was long since abandoned though they continued the dased search mechanically, with but one result, nothing absolutely nothing. Half way around the hill, with Johnstown at my feet, for the first time the terrible silence of the city made its way to my almost benumbed senses. It was virtually a city deserted by the living and given up to the dead, and not one-half so horrible for what was seen, as for what was unseen beneath the turbid waters, still stealing in and out of the windows of the first floors, as if in sneaking search of perhaps ome prey escaped.

A Melancholy Sound. Even while standing there almost breath less before the awful stillness of that great city, a melancholy peal comes from a ruined church tower, a few subdued bells toll, and then there comes stealing over the water a solemn sound. It is only the clock in the tower striking 12, but the moment, the occasion, and above all, the dreadful scene was too much for the sufferers and friends huddled about, and a thousand bowed heads and a thousand clasped hands showed the sound was in truth a funeral knell, over many ruined houses and broken hearts, and over many a friend and brother and sweetheart, not found, and never

Can this scene be conceived? Can one straggling idea of it even be imagined? It under all that wast area of timber and drift-

turned to the blazing ruin, but the naked the water and debris in Johnstown and eye was enough; too much; for it showed suburbs alone. Add to them the additional 200 or 300 corpses which floated from Johnstown down stream and are now lying at Nineveh, Florence, Sang Hollow and Bolivar, and you can get something tangible to base a guess at the total death list upon. After this is wired perhaps later dispatches will probably chronicle the recovery of

How All Hope Has Fled. And so hope has fled. Instead of search ng among the rescued for their missing relatives, people have consented to believe them dead. That has but one result. It forces all to admit that there must have been no less than 3,000 drowned, and that of the 10,000, which many people declare are still missing, very few will turn up alive. In view of these stubbors and appalling figures, which few outside people have refused to believe, no attempt has, or will be made to keep a tabulated mortuary list.

Better work was accomplished to-day than ever before in the removal of debris from portions of some streets, and the consequen discovery of bodies. The reason of this was

The Entire Withdrawal of Water from the heart of the city. That obstacle gone, men can go to work, but the worst part of it is that no human being with any degree of feeling about him can stick at such labor longer than a few hours. Almost every foot of progress a laborer makes in the debris he comes across a dead

man, woman or child. This occurs again

and again. It soon becomes sickening.

Now, if the reader will imagine Fifth avenue, between Liberty and Grant streets, jammed full of debris up to the third-story windows; all of Wood street in the same condition, and the whole length of Market street equally as bad, with Wylie avenue and all its side streets complete wrecks: imagine all this and then try and think

Corpses Lie So Close Together

Off in one corner of the room lay three children on adjoining desks. "Smith" was the name pinned to each of the little waists. They were brothers, and the oldest was not more than 7 years old. All their faces were uncovered. Their skin was beautifully transparent, and on the countenances of

It was a strange circumstance. In that chamber of horrors, whenever a corpse is identified, it is immediately removed to the lavatory, laid upon a table, the muddy clothing all cut off and the body washed. The men and women who have sacrificed themselves for this revolting labor are

among the noblest of Johnstown's heroes.

As proof positive that hundreds of corpses are still beneath the ruins, the owner of the John Thomas building, on Main street, assured me that 53 persons lie under the wreck of his property. Mr. Stonebreaker, who is in charge of the schoolhouse morgue, says he has investi-gated and finds that John Fritz and his family of seven are still buried in his house on Railroad street. This is true of hundreds of houses in which the occupants

### The Dead in the Debris.

A score of bodies will remain in the smol dering ruins of debris of the fire at the railroad bridge. Seven skeletons were taken from it this afternoon, and one woman was rescued alive, right near the last skeleton. Through the windows of 'Squire Fishcher's soap factory are seen the bodies of himself, his wife and five children.

Efforts will be made to-morrow to recover I bodies known to be deposited under the remmants of the Hurlburt house. In the cellar of the Coogan building a dozen human forms can be seen in the water.

All last night Superintendent J. V. Pat-ton, of the Baltimore and Ohio at Pittsburg, sat at a temporary telegraph instrument, two miles south of Johnstown. After arriving there on his special locomotive he

who must be buried ere long, and the dead soon as possible or a fearful state of things will result.

A general foreman has been placed in charge of moving the debris, and there are a large number of foremen at work through the town, with gangs of men.

All the Men Will be Paid President Moxham will open the Savings Bank to-morrow, and the National Bank later, and the financial work will be done at these places, all money being received and paid out at them. A committee on general information is to be appointed. A. N. Hart is in command of the pelice on guard. Deputy Sheriff Young is at work under President Moxham, and administers the oath to them. The guards were stationed at various points to-day and were being doubled to-ward night. It is feared that some one may inadvertently set fire to the debris, and a man who goes out thereon with a lighted pipe or eigar in his mouth is made to put it out right away. A man who should light a match near where the wreckage is piled is in danger of being instantly shot by some guard, many of whom are very much wrought up on that.

.The Precautions Against Fire. The fire department gathered itself to gether late this afternoon, and reorganized. me of the fire plugs have been examined and have been found all right, and a quantity of hose has been recovered. One hundred firemen, or more, were stationed through the town as a guard. The local mililia company is doing guard duty, and other militia are expected. Governor Beaver has been urged to order companies here, and parts of the Sixteenth and Fourteenth Reginents would be very acceptable.

General Hastings arrived here this morning and established headquarters at the Hennessy Thania Depot. He took an active part in the direction of affairs and says that to-morrow every man in Johnstown must go to work on the debris and that every man who enters the town will be put

What is left of the town is now virtually inder martial law, and the rules will become stricter rather than more lax. President Moxham has been acting as dictator. His headquarters are in a small room on first floor of the Fourth Ward Hotel and

A Throng Continually Coming and Going. His stenographer and typewriter is at his side, and messages are being continually dictated to him. The general staff are located in an addition to the same building, in which the general public is received. A long line of people is continually filing in and out. No one is allowed to go by the guards without a pass, and everybody must go to the headquarters for these.

Across the street is the place where pro-visions are given out. The arrivals from Pittsburg to-day were most welcome. The remaining grocery stores are bare of food, and many have been going hungry to-day.

There were some children, and very few men. Everybody looked happy at the pros-

pect of being supplied with something to eat.

L. E. STOFIEL.

## FIENDS IN HUMAN FORM

Wretches Caught Plundering and Mutilat ing the Dead-Four of Them Are Driven Into the River and Drown-Two Are

Lynched.

TURON A STAFF CORRESPONDENT JOHNSTOWN, June 2 .- The way of the ransgressor in the desolated valley of the Conemaugh is hard, indeed. Each hour reveals some new and horrible story of suffering and outrage, and every succeeding hour brings news of swift and merited punishment meted out to the fiends who have dared to desecrate the stiff and mangled corpses in the city of the dead, and torture the already half-crazed victims of the cruelest of modern eatastrophes. As the roads to the lands round about are opened tales of almost indescribable horror come to light, and deeds of the vilest nature perpetrated in the dark-

ness of the night are reported. Just as the shadows began to fall upon the earth last evening a party of 13 Hungarians was noticed, stealthily picking their way along the banks of the Conemaugh toward Sang Hollow. Suspicious of their purpose, several farmers armed themselves and started in pursuit.

Soon their most horrible fears were realized. The Hungarians were out for plunder. Lying upon the shore they came upon the dead and mangled body of a woman, upon whose person there were a number of trinkets of jewelry and two diamond rings. In their efforts to secure the plunder, the Hungarians got into a squabble, during which one of their number severed the fin ger upon which were the rings and started on a run with his fearful prize. The revolting nature of the de

wrought upon the pursuing farmers, who by this time were close at hand, that they gave immediate chase. Some of the Hunganians showed fight, but, being outnumbered, were compelled to flee for their lives. Nine of the brutes escaped, but four were literally driven into the surging river and to their death. The inhuman monster whose atrocious act has been described was among the number of involuntary suicides. Another incident of even greater moment has just been brought to my notice. At 8:30 o'clock this morning an old railroader. who had walked from Sang Hollow, stepped up to a number of men who were congre gated on the platform of the station at Curranville and said:

# "Gentlemen, had I a shot gun with me

half an hour ago, I would now be a murderer, yet with no fear of ever having to suffer for my crime. Two miles below here I watched three men going along the banks stealing jewels from the dead wives and laughters of men who have been robbed o all they hold dear on earth." He had no sooner finished the last sentence

than five burly men, with looks of terrible letermination written on their faces, wer on their way to the scene of plunder, one with a coil of rone over his shoulder and another with a revolver in his hand. In 20 minutes, so it is related, they had overtake two of their victims, who were then in the act of cutting pieces from the ears, and fin gers from the hands of the bodies of two dead women. With revolver leveled at the scoundrels the leader of the posseshouted:

"Throw up your hands or I'll Two Villains Lynched.

With blanched faces and forms they obeyed the order and bega mercy. They were searched, and their pockets were emptied of their plun the indignation of the crowd intensifies and when the bloody finger of an infant, encircled with two tiny gold rings, was found in the leader's pockets, a cry went up

to lynch them. Without a moment's delay ropes wer



"The Reason Why the Train Didn't Go Any Farther."

thrown around their necks and they were dangling to the limbs of a tree, in the branches of which, an hour before, was entangled the bodies of a dead father and son. After an expiration of half an hour the ropes were cut and the bodies lowered and carried to a pile of rocks in the forest on the hill above. It is hinted that an Allegheny county official was one of the most prominent actors in this tragedy of While the Regular Relief ustitiable homicide.

## SOLDIERS TO THE SCENE.

Progress of the Baltimore and Ohio Relie. Train With the Washington Infantry on Board-Anxious Inquiries Along the Route - Supervisor Foley's Story. FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT, 1

MCKEESPORT, June 2 .- The Baltimor and Ohio is doing grandly for the sufferers. Superintendent Patton was early on the ground and soon had the washed out porions of the road repaired. The road into the city has been opened since Saturday afternoon. All the towns along the roads are contributing provisions and engines are taking the loads to the afflicted city. A car of eatables was put on the special train at McKeesport and West Newton. Loads of provisions have been sent from Cumberland, Mayersdale and other towns. Another special with eatables left Pittsburg to-night.

There is a great demand for oil. The people There is a great demand for oil. The people are in darkness, and like the afflicted virgins are in darkness, and like the affl

Braddock Adda Her Mite Braddock sent a car of coffins and two ca

loads of provisions and contributed \$5,000. Saltsburg raised \$200 in money and shipped a car of estables. All the extra coaches of the car of eatables. All the extra coaches of the Baltimore and Ohio are on the Somerset and Cambria branch. Many of the people living along the road in this section have friends in the city and they are frantic to get there to look for and identify them. Superintencent Patton has put these extra cars and engines at their disposal, and they are carried back and forward free of charge.

A DISPATCH man went out on the Baltimore and Ohio special train this afternoon. The Washington Infantry deserve much credit. They volunteered to go to Joinstown and did not wait for orders. All along the road people greet the boys in blue with graceful courtesies.

greet the boys in blue with graceful courtesies. Everybody is anxious for additional informa tion. People in remote towns are just begin ning to learn of the fearful desolation. Ever now there are some people skeptical enough to believe that the disaster is not half so had as i escribe it. The fact is that all the truth has not been told. Nothing at all has yet been re eived from the country between C

## Progress of the Train.

AT CONNELLSVILLE-The excitement in the little towns along the road is great. The peo-ple know in advance that a special train is en route from Pittsburg, and whenever the train stops large crowds are collected. At West Newton the citizens had been working all morning gathering money and food. About \$1,500 and a car of provisions have been col-

sl, sid and a car of provisions have been col-lected so far.

The little town is full of farmers' wagons and the people are highly excited. Instead of go-ing to church in the county the grangers turned in and loaded down their wagons with flour, vegetables and other food products. Just as the train was leaving a farmer arrived with a wagon load, but it will be put on the next one following.

wagon load, but it will be put on the next one following.

The sight of the soldiers catches the people. "It reminds me of the old war times," said a lady at West Newton. "It seems as if those disastrous days are being repeated." The inquiries of anxious people for friends, in Johnstown, are numerous, and all the information possible is given. Foster Walter, an engineer on the Cambria and Somerset branch, had a unique as well as tough experience. He was in the American House when the flood came. He succeeded in getting on to the roof of the hotel, where he stayed all night. A mule came floating down and lodged on the roof of the house. The animal stayed with him all night, until they were rescued. The clerk of the American House was saved and is now at Consellsville.

Nobody Yet Lynched, But Will Be. AT OHIO PYLE-At Connellsville Sheriff McCandless was seen returning from the scene of the wreck. The sheriff said it was not true that a man had been hanged for robbing bodies, The crowd rushed around the fellow, who was a Hungarian, and attacked him, but the better class prevented any such procedure. Sheriff McCandless said:

"The man was not hanged but somebody will be before this affair is over if the robbing of bodies is continued. The place is full of toughs and thieves and the worst class of men, stealing whatever they can lay their hands on. The wreck is horrible. What is needed at once is the militia and police protection. Contractors should be located there with gangs of 500 men each under them to systematicly clear away the debris and recover as many bodies as possible. I am told they now have 314 corpses on the Indiana side of the river at Nineveh. Bodies are being taken out at all points and at every.

hour."
S. U. Trent, Esq., was also seen at Connells-rille for a few minutes, returning from Som-erset. "I was not at Johnstown," said he, "but I saw enough people at Somerset who had been in the flood. The disaster is too horrible to talk about."

Juck Croffroth, the postmaster at Somerset, had a remarkable escape. He was on the street in Johnstown when the rush of waters occur-red. In some manner, he does not know how, he was carried into the Merchant Hotel, where he remained until the water subsided, and he

BEAVER ON HIS WAY.

## The Governor is Kent From Harrisburg by

the Condition of the Railroads-Adlutent General Heatings is at Johnstown-No Military Yet Ordered Out. PEPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH 1

HAPPISRURG June 2 -- Governor Beaver prived at York this evening on his way to this city to contribute to the comfort of the wait istressed people of Johnstown. Not being able to obtain railroad transportation he

THREE CENTS

Unger, President of the Club, at South Fork, Says So.

## A FRIGHTFUL STORY

Of Horrors Worse Than Yet Dreamed of, Told by Sheriff McCandless.

## A FATED TRAIN INDEED.

P. R. R. People Admit One Car-Load Perished, but None Are at Ebensburg.

CHURCHES RAISED \$15,000.

**Committee's Fund Grows** to Over \$86,000.

## RARE INCIDENTS AT HOME.

The Military Off for the Scene of Suffering -A Mighty Busy Day at the Chamber of Commerce-Old City Hall Also Full of Bustle and Business Worthy of a Sabbath Day-Chats and Scenes Such as Even War Times Did Not Duplicate in Same Respects.

Mr. Charles J. Clarke returned yesterday from his trip to the Conemaugh valley without obtaining any information of his missing son. Mr. Clarke was seen by a DISPATCH reporter at his home last night, and said:

"I was unable to get any farther than Sang Hollow and returned home, and today my older son, in company with a young friend, started for the scene of the disaster determined not to stop until they know all that can be known. "I received definite word to-day from

Colonel E. J. Unger, president of the fishing club and now at South Fork, that the dam had actually gone, though we had all supposed and hoped it couldn't be true. "Several rumors came to me to-day that my boy was safe. One came in the shape of a dispatch, purporting to be from

my son at Ebensburg. This proves to be At 10 o'clock last night Mr. Clarke knew

nothing definite of his son's safety.

A Marvelous Official Report. A carload of refugees from Johnstown came into the Baltimore and Ohio denot at 9:30 last night. There were nearly 75 of them, men, women and children, and everyone of them bore unmistakable marks of the frightful ordeal they had passed, on their faces, and their tattered stained clothing. Among them was a party of Pittsburgers who were returning from the horrible scene, which they had visited in the interest of humanity. The well-known faces of such men as Sheriff Alexander McCandless, Postmaster-to-be McKean, and Joe

horror plainly stamped upon them. "No man can possibly grasp the horror of what we have seen," said Sheriff McCandless to a DISPATCH reporter, "and not onehalf of the hideous enormity of the disaster has been told yet.

Brown were hard to recognize. Not only

were they covered with mud, and their cloth-

ing disordered, but their faces had a look of

"The newspapers have underestimated the loss of life. Nearer 10,000 than 3,000 have lost their lives. We were burying bodies all this morning, and the supply of coffins ran out. Rough boxes made on the ground were used. Probably by this time the supply of coffins from Pittsburg will have reached Johnstown. But before I say another word there are two thines that Pittsburg must understand at onces First, three or four regiments of militia are needed at once. Without an hour's delay they ought to be sent. Adjutant General Hastings is in favor of calling the troops out, but he has his hands so full of other things-the building of the pontoon bridge for the Pennsylvania Railroad and the relief of the living-that he has not yet sent for the troops he needs. Governor Beaver must call out the troops at once. The Hungarians are maining the dead in their shameful baste to profit by the misery around them; cutting off fingers for the rings on them, and ears for the earrings,

Oh, it is Too Horrible to Talk Of. "The only thing is to have armed soldiers on the spot to guard the dead and make the Hungarians and other villains discorretheir plunder. The soldiers will have to

search the houses. "Secondly, at least four or five abili contractors should be sent to Johns with 500 men apiece to clear away the and get the bodies out that arthere. Not only human ing in masses under

men under sk rier of flewater, 1 source c

# numberless horse also. Nothing

Over on the Southside a public hall is filled with 60 or 70 cornses. In the Morrellville district there are still 85 more corpses

Only a Part of the Dead. These are the dead people taken out of

to the reader-let that something be his human heart and his human sympathy. is like this evening. not be appreciated, for the human breast, thank God, is only capable of receiving emotions up to a certain degree, and when that tension has become too strong kind nature says a numbness must ensue or madness must result, and if there, is any one word, or thought, or feeling wanting here it is not in the heart, but in the capacity. For an entire summer of horrors for Cambria these reasons those present knew the scene

was not one in a lifetime, but in a century. One of the Engines of Death. Away across the town is seen the fatal black sluice through which this stream of death was poured upon the city. Its flat surface was packed with houses and people,

Min Manually all Managers

cannot be described, for words, as Tally-

rand says, were given to conceal, not to ex-

press thoughts, and something must be left

The state of

but to-day, not one brick is seen upon the other, and all that is left is a gaunt, black mill, a fitting tomb to the 6,000 people said of death and destruction has torn through this city. It cut swaths to the right and left, through business blocks and through residences, through squares and squares of houses upon houses, leaving nothing in its

track but one silent messenger-death. How useless is it to describe, how sense less to depict, for both alike are impossible tion of Johnstown, and that book, that page, is the unwritten annals of the human he Let us not open it, reader; let us not turn the page with careless or curious hand, for there are some events, some thoughts, and some feelings, that are sacred to some alone.

## GAITHER. THE WORST IS TRUE.

Three Thousand Coffins Needed at Once Addition to the Thousands Alrendy Used -Systematic Attempts to Evolve

Order Out of Chnos-Necessity For Armed Guards. PROM OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENTS 1

JOHNSTOWN, June 2.- There is a famine among the dead. The 15,000 survivors of the flood who are suffering for food and clothing find their troubles have a ghastly counterpart. There are no coffins here to bury the dead. I saw the last coffin used this afternoon. Three thousand more, at least, will be needed. Therefore, to the public appeal for assistance may be added the words: "Send us coffins by the trainload, for we need them as bad as we do bread."

Morgnes in Many Buildings. Charnel houses have been established in all sections of Johnstown. The principal one is in the public school building on Adams street. Over 200 bodies have been taken there for identification since the flood occurred. Lower down in the ruins 40 more bodies lie awaiting claimants.

grouped in one apartment.

wood as to form a cushion upon which it out the telegraph wires and rigged up may rest. If you can conceive of such a ticker on a dry goods box in a rough shanty. state of things, then you have before you a true picture of what the site of Johnstown

This map, furnished by George B. Williams, civil engineer, gives an accurate presentation of Johnstown and the adjacen

country that has suffered most by the great flood. The rush of water coming down the Conemaugh creek would submerge the woolen

mill. Gautier Steel Works and the district lying close to the creek, and then pass over to Johnstown proper, as there is a steep cliff on

How long do you suppose it will take the disheartened, men of the place to clear up such a stupendous wreck? Each man has lost some dear relative, and there is little incentive for him to work. Perhaps they may get through with their half-hearted toil in three, nay four months. Well, then every day for three or four months additional bodies will be recovered. It will be

The Area Covered With Wreckage. The only part of the town where bodies do not lie hidden is that stretch of open country shown in the center of THE DISPATCH today. An area of ground equal to that in Pittsburg bounded by Smithfield and Wood streets one way and Water street and Fifth avenue the other way has been so completely cleaned out that not a wall, not even a

fencepost is visible The ground is carpeted smooth with it single layer of bricks. Looking either east or west a person has an unobstructed view through this wide part of the town. Two days ago you could not see a vard's distance in either direction, because all this ground was built up solidly with brick and frame houses. There were some 400 of them. Not

a vestige of even one of them is left. The Terrific Tidal Wave from the mountain reservoir which too all this down the river carried with it all the bodies from that part of the city, dis-

tributing them all along the Conemaugh to 200. A detachment armed with rifles and bayonets accompanies each body, as it is found, to one of the morgues. In this way a path is opened up through the crowds for the passage of the death guards.

The scenes in three morgues are beyond the power of human skill to describe. As the catastrophe overshadows any other disaster in the history of the United States, so do the scenes of woe and grief surpass all efforts to write an account of it. Words seem to belittle it. No corps of journalists can do justice to what has happened, but here in the Adams street school house, where 200 bodies have been laid out, the pen dries in perfect helplessness.

### A Corpse Laid on Each Deek As each corpse is brought in by the armed

constables it is laid upon the top of one of the school desks. In one of the school rooms which I visited to-day there were 48 corpses laid in this style, across the desks. Nearly all of the faces were covered. The clothes were rank with filth and the faces and flesh were splotched with mud. The corpses were those of men, women and The coverlide over the force were our

a mosn was the sequel. Often it was a serie

as this afternoon persons were extricated stantly removed to allow weeping visitors to examine and see if they identified there from places in which they had been imprisoned since Friday afterno any missing child or other relative. When the identification was successful a shrick or

countenance. He is

Rev. P. L. Chapburn and Rev. Dr. Beale have been appointed a committee on bury-

That was the first communication estab lished between the ruined city and the outside world.

## Difficulties of Sending News.

All the matter written in Johnstown resterday by your staff correspondents had o be carried by means of a locomotive to Hooversville, a small settlement 18 miles south of Johnstown, before a telegraph office could be found, and this dispatch is

being sent from Somerset. After THE DISPATCH news had been sent over the wires Saturday night from Hooversville, Superintendent Patton, from his temporary headquarters in the shanty, sent out these words of warning to all opera-

Then he began business in earnest. He had sent for the officers of the Citizens' Committee, and at rheit request he operated the key himself for hours, ordering provisions and food from Pittsburg and Baltimore merchants, and then personally appealing to wealthy people at various towns along the Baltimore and Ohio to stand in readiness to contribute stores of food and clothing to a relief train which would start from Pittsburg Sabbath morning and stop

at all stations between there and Rockwood, where the Johnstown branch com-

Practical Relief for the Sufferers. Captain William Jones was among those so appealed to. News came that a relief train from Baltimore may be expected in the suburbs of Johnstown. Relief cannot come very well by the Pennsylvania railroad route. It would require difficult teaming to get provisions from Pennsylvania railroad trains on either side of the bridge. There is no certainty here either when the awful destruction of the Pennsylvania railroad, for ten miles on both sides of Johnstown, will be repaired. In the meantime, farmers are slaughtering their cows, the grist mills at every cross-roads are dealing out flour gratis to all who ask, and the generous granger is sending wagonloads of eggs, apples, butter and salt meat to town

hourly. President Moxham, of the Johnson Switch Company, took the reins of government in his hands to-day, and is at the head of everything. He is a young man, not more than 35 years of age, slightly under medium height, of a strong, compact figure, though somewhat thin, with a dark, firm

No words are wasted, and order is being In addition to the Finance Committee a committee on dangerous buildings has been appointed, and a committee on outside search, to go down the river and look for the living and the dead A similar committee has been appointed for the city, and as late

Rusiness All the Way Through.